Werekings

by Httyd4eva

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Teen Wolf
Genre: Adventure, Humor
Language: English
Characters: Hiccup, Toothless
Pairings: Hiccup/Toothless
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2014-07-29 21:05:57
Updated: 2014-12-26 21:35:16
Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:14:42
Rating: M
Chapters: 14
Words: 16,526
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: this is the result of my recent obsession with teen wolf and my over active imagination which thinks hiccup would make a good wolf. M, mostly for language and gore but if anything else i'll warn ;P. Toothcup Yaoi and Yuri 'cause I'm not gender bending! Werewolf AU. No need to have watched teen wolf to understand this. like, at all.

1. Chapter 1

The wind howled as the storm raged. A brunette woman, wrapped tightly in red shawls wearing only sandals as shoes raced up the mountain. As she was about to reach the top, she swerved to left, narrowly avoiding a tree. Despite the ferocity of the wind, the weather was pretty warm. With a thud, she hit the meadow at the top. She ran through it with a wild, animalistic-ish, yellow gleam in her eyes.

Finally, after what seemed an aeon, she spotted her destination, a red and white farmhouse at the end. She ran at super-human speed towards it, a lady with brown hair waiting for her.

"Amatis," she greeted, hugging the elder lady.

"Vera," she hugged back.

They separated, "I trust you brought him," said the elder lady, Amatis.

"Of course," said the brunette, opening a fold in her red robe and producing a tiny, baby boy.

The elder brunette gasped, "my, he's so precious," she said, taking the baby and cradling him, "he looks so much like you."

Vera smiled, "thank you."

"And you're sure?" asked Amatis.

"Positive, I realized the other night when he was crying."

"Ahhh," said Amatis, an elongated fingernail being used as a play-toy by the innocent little one.

"It hurts," said Vera, "to have to let go."

"I know," smiled Amatis, "but it's the best you could do, he's safer here anyways."

"I know," nodded Vera, "thank you, Amatis, for this."

Amatis smiled, her blue eyes twinkling, "anything for you, old friend."

Vera nodded, "Thank you, I best be off now, the baby's father will be wondering where I am."

Amatis nodded in understanding, "I know, what'll you tell him?"

"I'll say a swarm of vultures got him, rough myself up a bit, you know," she sniffed.

"Hey now," comforted Amatis, cradling the baby's head, "you're doing the right thing here."

"So why does it feel like the wrong thing?" asked Vera, tears escaping her eyes.

Amatis looked at her, blue eyes melding with green, "all the right choices you make feel wrong, Vera, it's part of life."

Vera nodded tearfully, and turned to leave, but a hand on her wrist stopped her.

"You'll be back, right?" asked Amatis.

"I'll try," nodded Vera.

"And his name?"

"Hiccup."

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yeahâ€¦. Sorry I haven't been updating anything regularly, but exams are next week, and I've been watching so much teen wolf that I just HAD to write this, seriously, it's been on my mind for days!

-httyd4eva

peace out yo;p

2. Chapter 2

Amatis walked into the room, hiccup cradled in her arms, wailing, as if he sensed something wrong.

"Come now, dear, time to introduce you to your new family," she hushed, pushing back a curtain and walking into the family room.

"Amatis," said her brother.

She smiled, "Lucian," she replied.

"I see you received the little one, then," he said, indicating hiccup.

"Yes," she replied.

"Has it been confirmed?"

"Yes, his mother noticed it when she was feeding him."

"Ahhh," said Lucian, "Vera, she was such a promising member to our pack."

Amatis smiled, "that she was, till she met that hunter and changed her name so she could live amongst humans," she said the last parts bitterly.

"Yes," said Lucian, wistfully, "but enough of that now, let's get a look at him, shall we?"

Amatis smiled, handing him the baby.

"Small thing, isn't he?" asked Lucian.

"That he is, he would have received lots of scorn for it in his village," said Amatis.

"Well, until he showed them how much more powerful and capable he was, of course," corrected Lucian, "but never mind that, he's part of our pack, like his mother was."

"Yes, speaking of our pack, where are they?" asked Amatis.

"Oh, Kali and RenÃ©e are upstairs putting the pups to sleep, Krios and Veda are in the kitchen, and the others are in the meeting room, speaking of which, I bet they're dying to see him, after all, you aren't the only one who missed her," said Lucian.

Amatis smiled at her brother, it was well known that he'd been in love with Vera. He was going to ask her to go out with him the day they'd met the man, whom they'd later, after Vera was married, found out was a hunter. It had crushed him when she'd left, but he was over that now.

He stroked the baby's cheek, "he looks so much like her," he whispered, "but his eyes are a green I've never seen (ooh! That

rhymes ;)) not on the man, not on Vera."

"True," said Amatis, "maybe it's just his inner wolf, shaping him, we aren't always copies of our parents, you know."

Lucian sighed, "I know."

Amatis smiled, lifting baby hiccup out of her brother's arms, "I best go show the council, see you later?"

Lucian
nodded.

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so? What'cha think? No, they're not all related, they're just pack members. Ok, they're all related, but they're not first cousins or anything, I mean, *sighs* look, I'll just put a list of all the wolves who are in THIS (because there ARE others) pack so far, but you should know it's a lo-ong, list, which you **_CAN **_**skip, and I'll do the relations at the
bottom:**

***Amatis-girl**

***Lucian-guy**

***Hiccup-guy**

***Stephen-guy**

***Toothless-guy**

***Kali-girl**

***Vendetta-girl**

***Amarilla-girl**

***Lycaon-guy**

***Krios-guy**

***Veda-girl**

***RenÃ©e-girl**

***Tyche-girl**

***Morgue-guy**

***Callum-guy**

***Scar-guy**

***Scab-guy**

***Cora-girl**

***Ellipsa-girl**

***Gora-girl**

***Carmen-girl**

***Koi-guy**

***Keeto-guy**

***Baldy-guy**

Families (these are the kids[in no specific order] + married couples, btw, don't be confused by the new names in here, if they're new, it means they're deceased, k?):

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kids= Hiccup (fostered), Scab and Scar.

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kids= Cora, Ellipsa, Gora.

***Amarilla (mom=Veda, dad=Krios)/Callum (mom=Drew, dad=Sebastian)**

kids=Tyche, RenÃ©e, Carmen.

Luke is SINGLE!

And Vera, or as **_you**_** know her, Valka, was the only child of Damien and his wife Lamia.**

-httyd4eva

peace out yo;P

3. Chapter 3

I decided to remind you all since it's such a handful, the characters at the begging. I'll add their descriptions in laterâ€¦ but i'll add the now ages in for youâ€¦

***Amatis-girl [25; 26 Jan]**

***Lucian-guy [26; 12 Feb]**

***Hiccup-guy [3 months; 29 Feb (like the books)]**

***Stephen-guy [26; 18 Oct]**

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***Veda-girl [48; 7 June]**

***RenÃ©e-girl [3; 3 April]**

***Tyche-girl [10 months; 4 Sept]**

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***Callum-guy [24; 3 Aug]**

***Scar-guy [5 months; 29 April]**

***Scab-guy [5 months; 29 April]**

***Cora-girl [7 months; 6 June]**

***Ellipsa-girl [2; 5 Aug**

***Gora-girl [5; 12 Dec]**

***Carmen-girl [3; 5 Oct]**

***Koi-guy [1; 6 March]**

***Keeto-guy [1; 6 March]**

***Baldy-guy [2; 3 Oct]**

Families (these are the kids[youngest to oldest] + married couples, btw, don't be confused by the new names in here, if they're new, it means they're deceased, k?):

***Amatis (mom=Serabi, dad=Verlac)/Stephen (mom=Drew, dad=Sebastian)**

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kids= Cora, Ellipsa, Gora.

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kids=Tyche, RenÃ©e, Carmen.

*** Veda (mom= Callisto, dad=Falcon)/Krios (mom=Martha, dad=Hawk)**

kids=Amarilla and Vendetta

Luke is SINGLE!

And Vera, or as you know her, Valka, was the only child of Damien and his wife Lamia.

Amatis took hiccup into the nursery where she was greeted by Kali and Vendetta.

Kali was a black haired, brown eyed wolf that had been on a slave boat from India. They'd taken her from the northern parts, way up in Kashmir, so she was fair skinned. Her long, wavy hair reached just below her mid back, usually held up in a pony tail, and her eyes were a warm, brown colour with golden specks here and their. She'd been stolen from them as a baby by hunters, transported to Kashmir to run some 'tests', lost â€“again she was only a baby- sold into slavery and miraculously had made it back, good thing too considering that it had made the two's parents very happy to have their daughter back, even though they died of old age soon after.

Vendetta was a blonde haired, blue eyed, curvy little thing. Tallest of the girls with a dazzling smile and short-curly hair.

"Hey Ama," whispered Kali.

"Hey, K'" whispered Amatis.

"What've you got there?" asked Vendetta, indicating Hiccup.

"Vera's son," she said, revealing the face.

"Oh my," gasped Kali.

"Isn't he precious," said Vendetta.

Amatis nodded, "Vera left him in my charge, so I best lay him down for a nap and tell the others."

Kali smiled, "Scab and Scar will be thrilled to have a baby brother, even if he is on the small side."

Amatis nodded, "And they'll be even happier that he's only two months younger than them."

"Well," said Vendetta, "you'd best put him to bed now, so you can go tell the others."

Amatis nodded and placed Hiccup in the crib they'd built for him when they'd received word he was coming and set him to sleep before going to the basement where everyone, sans the babies and the two watching them, was situated around the table, laughing at a joke Stephen was making,

"An' so I said, 'hunter? _Please_ he doesn't even look smart enough to hunt a piece of wood!'" the table laughed, "and he said, 'I'll have you know that my _daughter_-" more laughing, "could hunt down _your_ whole pack faster than you could cry, 'Run!' and I said, 'wait? _Tha's _a _girl!?_" everyone was laughing uproariously by that point.

"And-"

"Hem, hem," coughed Amatis, the room turned to face her.

Stephen got up, smiling at his wife/mate, "Hello, love," he said, taking her hand.

Amatis smiled, "Hello dear."

"I trust you received him then," said an old lady, with grey hair tied back in a loose bun, with a purple shawl draped over a lilac tunic and dark, loose purple pants, whose eyes were blue, a sign that even though she was old her eyes still worked, and some wrinkles covering her peach skin.

Amatis smiled, "Yes, Veda, I did."

"Good," she smiled, "It'll be nice to have at _least_ one of Vera's kin running around here, speaking of which, where is she?"

"She left."

"WHAT!?"

hushed murmurs broke out around the table.

"-wonder if she's okay-"

"-stormy weather out tonight-"

etc.

"Have you seen the storm out tonight?" asked Veda, panicking, "What if she gets hurt? How could you let her go?"

"I didn't. she said she had to leave before the baby's father noticed," replied Amatis, who'd also begun to panic.

"Quick, we need to get out there and find her. Now!"

the pack rushed outside and started looking for Vera, the rainwater making her scent weak made it take longer. Eventually, come morning tide, when the rain had stopped, they found her, or, at least, what was left of her.

She must've slipped on a rock and fell off the mountain, into the sea. Her body was electrocuted, some parts were missing, meaning that she must have hits some rocks and ledges before hitting the ground.

Luke was the first to howl, followed by Amatis then the others; all crying their hearts out at the mourning of the loss of a pack

member.

"Ve-e-era," sobbed Amatis, holding the mangled remains of her friend's head."

"No wonder her son was crying," sniffed Luke, "He must've sensed something wrong," he dried the tears from his eyes.

"We'll have a cremation here," sniffed Veda, looking at the forever-closed eyes of her sister-in-law's daughter.

Stephen nodded, "We'll have to be careful when bringing her body back, or else we'll give Gora, Carmen and Renee heart attacks, poor little toddlers."

"I agree," said Amatis, "Gora's only five, and the other two are only three. Thankfully, Baldy'll be asleep by now since he prefers the night and Ellipsa will be helping make breakfast."

"Then we'll have to cremate her now. Here," said Lycaon.

The others agreed, it was the only thing they could do.

Amatis fetched Kali and Vendetta, and with teary eyes, they all said farewell to their friend and ex-pack member,
Vera.

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So, how was that for drama? Soz it took so long but I've been really busy. I'll try to update soon. The next update will give us a little view of one of my **_fave**_** oc antagonists, Baldy! Damn, I'm sorry I just **_**love **_**that guy, he, mi compadres, is supposed to teach parents a lesson about why they should pick **_**good**_** names for their kids, and he's so evil and cocky and funny, it's hard **_**not**_** to love
him.**

-httyd4eva

peace out yo ;P

4. Chapter 4

ages:

***Amatis-girl [25; 26 Jan]**

***Lucian-guy [26; 12 Feb]**

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kids=Amarilla and Vendetta

***Leena (mom=Anna, dad=Ferdinand)/Gabe(mom=Colli, dad=Venti)**

**kid= Mailee **

Luke is SINGLE!

And Vera, or as you know her, Valka, was the only child of Damien and his wife Lamia

The wolves trekked back to their, well, den, I guess. You couldn't really call it a house because it was far too large to be one. It was a three story tall, _brick_ building, the ruins of a forgotten Kingdom where the King was a _dic_tator and the villagers had sought refuge in other lands, leaving the King to rot alone on his land.

The Island of Tomorrow. The king's daughter fled to Berk where she married the chief and bore him three sons: Thugheart, Chucklehead and Hiccup II. Thugheart, unfortunately, took after his maternal grandfather and killed Hiccup II. He was then banished and created Outcast Island. Chucklehead married and had children, who had children, who had Berk's latest Chief, Stoick the Vast, who married their, now dead, pack member, Vera, and they had the current heir to the Hooligan tribe, Hiccup III.

Alas, that was not all. Vikings, particularly the Hooligan tribe, were all Werewolf hunters, believe werewolves to be descendants of Fenrir, the son of Loki, so really Werewolves had no place in their world, most of the time shackled in silver and made slaves.

But that was even more funny, considering werewolves weren't even _Norse_, they were _GREEK_, but the Vikings would never admit that a god of theirs, even _Loki_, would fall in love with a Greek who was a werewolf and birth Fenrir, so they covered it up, denying that _Greeks who were defeated by __**Romans**__could birth such __**powerful **__creatures_, all it would take was someone to look closely enough at Lycaon's story for them to realize the truth and piece together that this was why every wolf had a druid, a.k.a a _Celt_.

But this island was more than just some old Viking colony, no, it was _also_ the main meeting point for werewolves, the place where'd they'd meet up every year to trade stories, discuss, sell goods, meet up, make friends, etc.

This usually happened on the 20th of December every year and ended on the 5th of January, a time they called: DiakopÃ©s fest, literally translated to: Holiday fest.

They trudged up the hill to the underground cast with the shack-y

pretense.

They entered and saw Baldy, Gora, Carmen and Renee wide awake and eating some raw liver and talking to each other about the other kids.

"Tootlesh (he _is_ TWO!) is _sho _shtupit, he dush nopping," proclaimed Baldy.

"I _wow_," said Ellipsa, "Cowa dush nopping too!"

Gora sighed, "Will you two, _please_ stop complaining about our siblings and eat!?" (she's five, a _lot_ more mature than two two year olds).

"NAO!" they yelled, glaring at her.

"Who mate you da bosh of ush?" demanded Baldy.

"she's mow mateuwe," said Renee (three and _only_ cant say 'r' properly), "Now, onto mow pwessing mattews, did you thwee _see_ that new baby?"

"You meen da cute wun?" asked Baldy.

"Yes," said Renee.

"Kids," greeted the adults, walking in.

"'Morning aunty Ama," greeted Gora, polite as always.

"Morning dear," said Amatis, greeting her father's brother's grandchild. A.k.a her niece.

She smiled at the blonde haired, blue eyed little girl with the plaits.

She was a complete contrast to her parents. Both of whom had darker hair than her platinum blonde hair, a sign that even though werewolves were children of their parents, they rarely ever looked anything like them, which really helped for closed packs, considering the fact that two _direct_ cousins could conceive children, their werewolv-iness blocking out any deformities.

Gora was by far the most mature of the werewolf children, she wore frocks, which was normal at her age, but was quickly beginning to switch to short sleeved tunics and tights and beginning to hunt, even if it was only small things like birds.

Ellipsa and Baldy, however, they were a different story. The two constantly whining and having morbid thoughts, both preferring the nighttime to the day, which, was understandable considering the moon made them stronger, but stillâ€¦.

The adults sighed and the women started preparing breakfast while the men caught meat and checked on the babies, an early morning tradition that had started years
agoâ€¦

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so, how was it? btw, I'm putting the little werewolf pairings at the bottom, now that I decided to include pairings. There's decent spacing. I changed the rating for the (almost) sole purpose of language and gore. I said almost *wicked grin* but I'll warn you ahead.

-httyd4eva

peace out yo ;P

**p.s. next chapter hiccup's
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**Pairings: **

Toothless/Hiccup

Baldy/Hiccup (one-sided)

Astrid/Hiccup (one-sided)

Baldy/Ellipsa (really late)

Baldy/Ellipsa/Hiccup (two sided)

Ellipsa/Hiccup (one-sided[and yes, I **_meant**_** it like that, hiccup **_**doesn't **_**top in that)**

Matt/Gora (you'll find out who he is in about eight chapters)

Philip/Mailee (same as the Matt thing)

Koi/Keeto

Scab/Scar (interesting how they're **_exactly**_** two months older than hiccup, when in reality I only chose this date 'cause of bestie born on it)**

Carmen/RenÃ©e

5. Chapter 5

I know there was a problem with their birthdates, being that I added not subtracted, but can we **_please**_** ignore that? Thanks.**

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kids=Amarilla and Vendetta

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**kid= Mailee **

Luke is SINGLE!

And Vera, or as you know her, Valka, was the only child of Damien and his wife Lamia.

December 1103

It was cold and snowy outside, causing the wolf pack to stay indoors. Not that that was a problem.

They had a fire going, and the children were all in the living room. All thirteen of them, with their parents sitting around.

Hiccup, Scab, Scar and Toothless were all playing some, little kids game.

They were holding hands and skipping around a circle together.

"Ring a ring a rosie," they sang,

"A pocket full of Posies

A tissue

A tissue

We all fall down," they laughed, collapsing to the ground.

The adults smiled.

Toothless walked over to his dad, Lycaon.

"Daddie(he's three, he mispronounces _everything_)," he whispered in his father's ear, once seated in Lycaon's lap, "Hiccup (like the _only_ thing he pronounces right) pwetty," he said.

Lycaon blushed, before turning to look at Hiccup, then turning back to his son, "Yes Toothless," he whispered back quietly, "I _suppose_ he's pretty."

Toothless smiled and nodded, "Vewy," he said, before walking off to go play.

"Amatis, Stephen, we've got a problem," he said, turning to his friends, "Toothless just called Hiccup 'pretty'".

Amatis smiled.

Stephen snorted, "Don't you mean 'vewy pwetty?'"

Lycaon blushed, his wife, Kali, as well as Amatis, Stephen, and, well, basically all the adults laughed.

"Don't worry love," she said, "'sides, they'd be kind of cute together, don't you think?"

He hummed, as if considering it, which was enough to get Stephen's attention.

"Oi!" he said, "Keep that little devil you call a _son_ away from my baby!"

Amatis snorted, "Over-protective much?"

Stephen glared, "I can't help, he's my little boy, my pride and joy! Even if he isn't _technically_ mine," he added as an afterthought.

They all smiled. They knew how much Stephen cared for the boy that wasn't his.

Amatis put a hand on her husband's shoulder, a sign of comfort, "Don't worry dear. Hiccup'll grow into a strong, fine lad, don't you worry. He'll be able to take care of himself perfectly."

Stephen sighed, "I know, love, it's just, what if he turns out like Vera? She was my cousin, and frankly, I don't want have to live to see my nephew's corpse, or worse. What if he gets caught. They'll make him a slave!"

Everyone cringed at that thought. Especially Veda, who'd had some family eons- 45- years ago, who'd gotten captured by hunters and forced into slavery. She'd been the only one of them to escape, due to her sister, Veronica, hiding her somewhere safe. Not a day went by that she didn't think of them.

Amatis wore a grim smile on her face, as though she was trying to be brave, "I know, dear, I know, trust me, _**none**_ of us wanted to see Vera's carcass, and _**none**_ of us want to ever live to see her son's- no, _**our**_ son's," she said, "And we wont, we'll keep him close, he'll be _safe_ you know that these waters are too treacherous for _**Vikings **_most of the year, us, sure, we're strong, but _**Vikings**_â€¦. _Not_ so muchâ€¦." Stephen smiled, "The point _is_ he'll be safe here, and why would he leave? I mean, here be his home, his friends, his family, and one day, his _mate_. And I'll see to it too. He'll have a happy life, with his two big 'brothers' out there to watch over him. they're their own Mini-pack Stephen. They'll _protect _each other."

Stephen smiled, "I know, love, and FYI," he said, turning to the adults, "you think _I'm _over protective? You _clearly_ have not seen the twins. Look."

The kids were on the carpet.

Scab and Scar had their arms wrapped around hiccup, and were glaring at Baldy.

"Shtay (they're _**TWO!**_) away fwom ouw Hicshky," said Scab.

"Yeaw!" agreed Scar, glaring venomously at Baldy, "ou no touch wha's ouws!"

Baldy humphed and walked away, muttering, "il_literates_ ('cause

that's how he said it)."

Lycaon paled and looked at a fuming Stephen with a nervous, 'what're you gonna do?' expression, shrugging.

"Keep that _brat_ away from _my_ _**baby!**_" seethed Stephen.

Lycaon nodded at his brother-in-law quickly, knowing full well how dangerous Stephen could be when he was mad.

"Men," said Kali and Amatis, the two sisters exchanging glances and smiling.

(page break)

â€¦.. somewhere far, far away, on an island called berkâ€¦

Stoick sighed, as he sat, watching the fire. Two years. It'd been _two __**years**_ since his wife and heir went missing. Stoick wasn't a fool, he knew that the werewolves had done this. Why would they not? After all, with the heir gone and no wife to make new ones, there'd need to be a new family to take over. And that could full well result in war, leaving hundreds of hunters dead, the numbers small enough for the werewolves to step in and take back their own, slaughter every man, woman and child, and take over the island completely. He shuddered.

He didn't so much grieve the loss of his child, as the loss of his wife.

The child had been young, Stoick'd barely even known him, but what he _did _know was that he was a runt and he found it hard to be proud of that. Even if he _was _the product of him and his beautiful mother. But he had _haddock_ blood in him! and at least he'd survived his first month, most runts didn't last the week, _proving_ he was a Haddock, that he had _fighter's_ blood in him!

But, alas, Stoick was no fool, he knew that runts were rarely ever treated better than slaves. He would've had to _marry _his boy, to _another __**boy**_. And then they would find a surrogate to carry the husband's child, since they could not risk another runt being born of deformed genes, and hiccup would have to play the role of wife, his husband treating him poorly since he'd have only accepted marrying him to become Chief.

He sighed, perhaps it _was_ better this way for his son.

But his wife. His beautiful, _beautiful_ Vera. How he even lived without her was a mystery. He sighed.

"Veronica!" he yelled.

In walked his slave, Veronica.

She was five foot four, had gray hair and green eyes that still worked. _Proving_ she was a wolf.

"Y-y-yes, sir?" she bowed.

"Get me a cup of beer!"

She nodded.

"NOW!" he yelled, making her shake.

She nodded, again, hastily, before hurrying out of the room.

45 years. 45 years since she'd become a slave. She sighed, at least she'd kept her three years younger sister safe. Her _only_ sister. Her _only_ remaining family. At least, she hoped her sister was alive. She _prayed_ her sister was alive, every day to the Greek gods who'd made them that way, the ones that the good werewolves worshipped, the ones that the evil werewolves despised, claiming their predecessors to be more sufficient.

All she could ever do these days, it seemed, was prayâ€¦.

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done, ahh, this week's chapter is DONE! See y'all next week where they are seven, so that we may watch tooth, scab and scar protecting hiccup from baldy's baldy-ness. Stay tuned.

-httyd4eva

peace out yo ;P

p.s. next chapter I'm changing their birthdates since they're incorrect. Bai! (cuter than bye!)

6. Chapter 6

***Amatis-girl [32; 26 Jan]**

***Lucian-guy [33; 12 Feb]**

***Hiccup-guy [7 ; 29 Feb (like the books)]**

***Stephen-guy [33; 18 Oct]**

***Toothless-guy [8; 4 August]**

***Kali-girl [36; 12 march]**

***Vendetta-girl [37; 5 April]**

***Amarilla-girl [29; 16 Aug]**

***Lycaon-guy [35; 19 September]**

***Krios-guy [58; 12 May]**

***Veda-girl [55; 7 June]**

***RenÃ©e-girl [10; 3 April]**

***Tyche-girl [8; 4 April]**

***Morgue-guy [31; 12 July]**

***Callum-guy [31; 3 Aug]**

***Scar-guy [7;29 December]**

***Scab-guy [7; 29 December]**

***Cora-girl [8; 6 September]**

***Ellipsa-girl [9; 5 Aug]**

***Gora-girl [12; 12 Dec] **

***Carmen-girl [10; 5 Oct]**

***Koi-guy [8; 6 March]**

***Keeto-guy [8; 6 March]**

***Baldy-guy [9; 3 Oct]**

***Leena-girl (druid) [39; 5 Nov]**

***Mailee-girl (druid in training) [10; 12 Dec]**

Families (these are the kids[aged left=youngest-right=oldest] + married couples, btw, don't be confused by the new names in here, if they're new, it means they're deceased, k?):

***Amatis (mom=Serabi, dad=Verlac)/Stephen (mom=Drew, dad=Sebastian)**

kids= Hiccup (fostered), Scab and Scar.

***Kali (mom=Serabi, dad= Verlac)/Lycaon (mom=Serena, dad=David)**

kids= Toothless, Koi, Keeto, Baldy.

***Vendetta (mom=Veda, dad=Krios)/Morgue (mom=Serena, dad=David)**

kids= Cora, Ellipsa, Gora.

***Amarilla (mom=Veda, dad=Krios)/Callum (mom=Drew, dad=Sebastian)**

kids=Tyche, RenÃ©e, Carmen.

*** Veda (mom= Callisto, dad=Falcon)/Krios (mom=Martha, dad=Hawk)**

kids=Amarilla and Vendetta

***Leena (mom=Anna, dad=Ferdinand)/Gabe(mom=Colli, dad=Venti)**

**kid= Mailee **

Luke is SINGLE!

And Vera, or as you know her, Valka, was the only child of Damien and his wife Lamia.

Snow fell gently as laughter filled the air.

It was December the 20th, the beginning of their sixteen day long holiday of DiakopÃ©s fest, a.k.a _holiday fest_.

December the 20th, just nine days away from Scab and Scar's _eight_ birthday.

The little cubs were all mingling.

There were some cubs from different packs that were very close.

Toothless and Hiccup, for example, were _very_ close with:

Hookfang and Stormfly from the Ravenstein pack.

Barf and Belch from the Fangmuncher pack.

And Meatlug, of the Nomnom pack.

They themselves were a part of the Skycatcher pack.

Each pack having a compound last name to represent their werewolf-iness.

Mailee, the 10 year old brunette with sky blue eyes, who was their 'druid in training' was friends with all the other druids-to-be.

Specifically Philip, from the Ravenstein pack.

Gora also had a _special_ friend.

Matt Thunderchase, from the Thunderchase pack.

A curly haired brunette with forest green eyes and a few freckles by his nose.

All of Baldy's friends were from the Hawkeye pack.

Carly and Caleb Hawkeye, as well as Ella, Anna, Leah and Carl.

Carly and Caleb, though, were the closest to him.

Carly had black hair and purple eyes.

Caleb, her twin brother, had black hair and black eyes.

As you can see, they were _perfect_ company for each other.

Scab and Scar were playing tag with Hiccup, Toothless, Meatlug,

Stormfly, Hookfang, Barf, Belch, Koi and Keeto.

Scab accidentally bumped into his father.

His father was a little disoriented, sending the raw steak in his hands flying, but he soon realized it was just his son and smiled down at him, ruffling his brown curls.

Draco, Hookfang's father, watched him and Stormfly interact with a smile on his face.

He just _knew_ they were meant to be together, it was something not even the gods could deny.

He smiled when he saw a mop of black hair, and a mop of brown with the tiniest tinge of red to it. same could be said about hiccup and toothless.

The men had hunted through the island and caught a few deer for their family.

The children all went to the palace's square to dance as the band began to play songs, adults and teenagers partaking in this festivity as well.

All except eight adults, that is.

The heads of the pack were in the Throne room, they were:

Thunderchase: Clarissa

Ravenstein: Maxwell

Skycatcher: Veda

Fangmuncher: Agramon

Nomnom: Abbadon

Hawkeye: Susan

Earthshaker: Shareel

Forestsweeper: Michael.

"What have your forces gathered, Shar?" asked an old man, fifty-two to be precise, with grey, thinning hair, and brown eyes.

"The Meathead tribe has captured eight Ravensteins," said a thirty-four year old girl with platinum blonde-_silver_ (not grey, _silver_) hair and cyan colored eyes.

Everyone looked at her, Max, Abbadon and Agramon sadly.

The only reason that wolves so young were Alphas was that their parents had died- killed by hunters.

Whenever hunters caught werewolves there would be one of two things they'd do with them.

If they were a beta/omega they'd enslave them, and if they were an Alpha, they'd kill them, not willing to risk it.

That was probably the reason that no one ever tried stealing Alpha-ship from the Alphas. Because they knew if they were caught, which was _highly_ likely, they'd be killed. Better enslaved whereupon someone from your pack could rescue you than flat out dead.

"Have your forces heard anything yet aboutâ€¦?" Veda choked back a sob.

Everyone in the room looked at her sympathetically.

They _knew_ about what'd happened, how hunters had captured her family, killed her grandmother, and enslaved the rest of them, the silver stopping the Alpha powers from passing to them.

All except for one. The youngest. Who'd been hidden by her older sister.

And the girls name? Veda. Veda Crossstar. Or, as she was now known, Veda Skycatcher.

Shareel shook her head.

"I'm afraid not," she said.

Veda nodded, looking extremely sad.

She knew that once, a wolf _had_ reported seeing someone whom they'd _believed_ to possibly be her sister. But that wolf was long dead, and the location, with her- burned.

"Well, is that all then?" asked Michael, of the Forestweepers.

"Uh, not quite," said Susan, of the Hawkeyes, "There's still that matter of discussion about Stoick, of that _Hooligan _tribe," she shuddered, "He's been out, hunting like mad trying to avenge the deaths of his son and wife, what _are_ we to do?"

"Hmmm," said Veda, "you have a point. I had a plan, though, one where we sent Hiccup back for a bit, so he can tell her that his mother died via lightning strike and that he was raised by her family, which is okay since he knows us, and that he wants to live with them, but he'll visit occasionally, but," she glanced out the window, which was level grounded with the fields and spied hiccup, the young seven year old playing with his friends and foster-brothers, "But, I-I don't think he's ready. If we could hold on, just until he's thirteenâ€¦."

The others all nodded sympathetically.

"However, though," Veda smiled, that mischievous glint she'd had upon birth showing up, "That _doesn't _mean it isn't time for aâ€¦ rescue plan," she smirked.

They spent an hour devising tactics to free the wolves of the Meat Head tribe.

Firstly Veda, posing as an old lady, which she was, but _pretending_ to be a few years younger since werewolves aged at about 7/8ths the speed of humans, would go into town to buy some 'cabbages.'

She'd pick a few and strike up some conversation amongst the town-folk whilst the others rushed into the houses with axes and freed their bretheren.

They'd make an escape via boats parked in the canal under the island that almost no one, the almost being _themselves _knew about, and they'd be home free.

Thereafter they ascended the steps to the peak of the hill and joined the others for lunch.

All in a days _DiakopÃ©s
Fest!_

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done. early. enjoy. bye!

-httyd4eva

**peace out yo ;P **

7. Chapter 7

***Amatis-girl [35; 26 Jan]**

***Lucian-guy [36; 12 Feb]**

***Hiccup-guy [10; 29 Feb (like the books)]**

***Stephen-guy [36; 18 Oct]**

***Toothless-guy [10; 4 August]**

***Kali-girl [40; 12 march]**

***Vendetta-girl [40; 5 April]**

***Amarilla-girl [32; 16 Aug]**

***Lycaon-guy [38; 19 September]**

***Krios-guy [61; 12 May]**

***Veda-girl [58; 7 June]**

***RenÃ©e-girl [14; 3 April]**

***Tyche-girl [12; 4 April]**

***Morgue-guy [34; 12 July]**

***Callum-guy [34; 3 Aug]**

***Scar-guy [10; 29 December]**

***Scab-guy [10; 29 December]**

***Cora-girl [10; 6 September]**

***Ellipsa-girl [12; 5 Aug]**

***Gora-girl [15; 12 Dec] **

***Carmen-girl [13; 5 Oct]**

***Koi-guy [11; 6 March]**

***Keeto-guy [11; 6 March]**

***Baldy-guy [12; 3 Oct]**

***Leena-girl (druid) [42; 5 Nov]**

***Mailee-girl (druid in training) [13; 12 Dec]**

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kids=Amarilla and Vendetta

***Leena (mom=Anna, dad=Ferdinand)/Gabe(mom=Colli, dad=Venti)**

**kid= Mailee **

Luke is SINGLE!

**And Vera, or as you know her, Valka, was the only child of Damien

and his wife Lamia.**

3 years later. 1010 AD

Berkâ€¦.

Hofferson's

Astrid Hofferson was eating her porridge whilst her parents talked about recent werewolf sightings. In came Carla, _their_ werewolf slave. She was about fifteen, with long, curly, blonde hair, and pale skin. When she'd first arrived, she'd been seven, and had a healthy glow to her, nowâ€¦.

The thin, scraggly girl swept the floor, her once beautiful blue eyes now a dull, lifeless, grey.

"Carla, get me some tea. _Now!_" ordered Olaf, her father.

Carla sighed, as she went to go get him tea, her shackles clanging sadly all the way.

Astrid looked at her, and even though she _knew_ it was wrong and unheard of, she felt _sorry_ for her.

Carla, who'd once been the most beautiful girl she'd ever seen, was now reduced to-to _this_!

Sighing, she got up to put her plate away.

"Where're you going?" asked her older brother Boar, "_Carla_'ll do it. why _else_ do you think she's here?"

Boar was a big, strong boy with muscles the size of footballs and an eight pack to match. one thing he lacked, however, was personality. In Astrid's opinion, he had to be the _rudest_ boy she'd _ever_ met. But, even though she _hated_ to admit it, he _was_ a good hunter. A _very _good hunter. He _had_, after all, been the one to _catch_ Carla. And he would forever be smiled upon by Stoick, for finding the island that his wife had come from, even if it _was_ an accident.

"I _think_ she's here because she was _forced_ to be. And for your information, I'm not handicapped, I can put away my _own_ dishes, thank you very much," she snapped.

Carla sent her a grateful smile, which she returned.

Ever since Carla had first arrived, she'd been the only one nice to her. And why would she not? Carla was the one who took pride in her accomplishments, who tucked her into bed at night when she was younger, who told her stories, who informed her of things the _council_ deemed her 'too young' to hear, and was frankly the only one who _ever_ noticed her.

Boar humphed, "Gods Astrid, with that state of mind you may as well find an Alpha to bite you."

"Well, if it meant being a different species than _you_â€¦." and with that she walked out.

Jorgenson's

Snotlout ate bacon whilst listening to the tales of his parents' hunts. He gasped when they got to the part about the time his father almost got bit by an Alpha, and cheered when his father told him he sliced the Alpha's head off.

In walked June, _their_ werewolf slave.

She was five foot six, curvy, brown haired and green eyed. Snotlout _used _to have a crush on her when she got there, five years ago, when he was five and she was eight.

She'd had a healthy tan back then, and the most mesmerizing green eyes, her brown, waist-length hair bouncing behind her. But nowâ€¦

The crush was gone as soon as her sparkle left, as soon as her skin paled, as soon as she became scraggly, as soon as her hair went flat, as soon as her eyes dulled. And to be honest, he felt _sorry_ for her.

"Good Morning, June," said Spitelout.

"Good Morning Sir, Ma'am, Snotlout," she nodded.

The Jorgenson's weren't as bad as most families on berk. They were actually quite nice to their slave, acknowledging her as a human being.

And to be frank, she was _grateful_ that she'd ended up here. ended up in one of the few households she was safe in. even if, by law, not the Jorgensen's, she _wasn't _allowed to see her sisters. _Any _of them. Not Carla, Clary, Emma, Louise, or her brother, _Michael_.

Oh well. She could only _hope_ they were safeâ€¦

Thorston's

Ruffnut and Tuffnut were eating their breakfast. Cereal.

"Clary, may I please have some milk?" asked Ruffnut, unusually polite.

But how could she help it. here was a fifteen year old girl, being treated like a waste-of-space-slave, and frankly, she just _hated_ the word 'slave', wondered how her Chief could even _let_ them _have_ them.

But of course she knew why. It was revenge, revenge against their kind for the _believed_, yet not even _proven_, 'murder' of his son and wife.

But she knew the truth, Clary had told her and Tuffnut, whilst setting the two to bed as toddlers.

'Valka', a.k.a _Vera_ _**Skycatcher **_had been a werewolf. However, she'd _died_ whilst delivering her son to her pack, to keep him safe from his werewolf hunting father and tribe.

"So, have either of you seen Clara? Oh, and June, Michael, Emma and Louise, of course," she blushed having felt guilty for only wanting to know about her twin.

"Yeah. But the Hofferson's aren't being very nice to Clara. I swear, Astrid's the _only_ one of them who sees Clara as human. June's good. Michael'sâ€¦ well I _guess_ he's okay. As okay as the fish haulers are. Emma's good and Louise is perfect," said Tuffnut.

The slave nodded.

She had platinum blonde hair, pink, rosy lips and the most beautiful, clear blue eyes one could imagine. She _used_ to be the spitting image of her twin, before the Hofferson's took her sister in, that is.

She'd heard _awful_ things from her and her sisters weekly meets at the slave gathering.

Her sister, her _twin_, was being sexually abused by the one they called, 'Boar'.

The news made her cry herself to sleep.

June was okay. Louise was healthy, being treated like a maid rather than a slave, Emma wasâ€¦. Ok, and Michael was good. Bucket and Mulch _always_ fed their wolves well, and housed them in a hut near theirs with enough space for fifteen wolves, even though it only held nine.

So all her siblings, including herself, _except_ her twin were okay. And _that's _what made it hard to sleep at night. Wouldn't it be hard to sleep it at night, after all, if you _knew_ _**your**_ _**twin**_ was being _**raped**_ _constantly,_ and there was _nothing_ you could do about it?

Sighing, she got back to making breakfast for her master and mistress. Oh well, something's were beyond her say. A _lot_ now that they were _here_.

Ingerman's

Fishlegs and his family ate their breakfast. On the table sat him, his mother, his father, and Louise. The daughter they'd _always_ wanted. She was a year younger than Fishlegs.

She had milk-brown hair and fluorescent _pink_ eyes. (because werewolves have weird genetics that enable a _born_ werewolf to have _any _colour eyes and _any_ colour hair, e.g. Barf and Belch [the former _actually _has _opposite_ colored hair to the latter, making it auburn-brown hair with green specks, but anywhoâ€¦)

"So, Louise, tell us, what was your old home like?" asked Fishleg's father, Accel.

"_Well_, um, we lived on an island, I'm not sure what the name was, but we called it 'Serpant's eye island,' with the rest of the Nomnom pack. Our Alpha _was_ Darach, but I hear he died and was replaced, though I'm not sure by whom," she replied.

Accel nodded.

"So," said Olga, "Fishlegs, are you excited?"

"Of course, mother, I get to go fishing!" squealed the chubby little ten year old.

"Good, see you when you get home. Bye!" and off ran Fishlegs to join his friends.

What a _nice_ houseâ€¦

Haddock's

"EMMA FETCH ME MY DRINK!" ordered Stoick, "AND YOU, _VERONICA_ FETCH MY ICEBLOCK!"

being a chief, and therefore a _very_ wealthy man, Stoick was able to afford, not _one,_ but _two_ slaves.

He sighed, it'd been a rough day. He'd heard from the meatheads that _thirteen_ of their wolves had been rescued. The Lava Louts had had _twelve_ rescued, and berk was next on the map.

_How _did this happen? It was _impossible!_

He'd have to increase security measures on the wolves, a curfew was a good idea, anyone seen outside after eight o'clock would be subjected to a standardized werewolf test, if they failed, they'd be sent home since it meant they weren't werewolves, but if they _passed_, he'd be getting a new slave/trophy, depending on whether or not the wolf was an alpha.

He sighed as he stared at a portrait of his wife and son.

Ten years. It was now exactly ten years since they'd died. They still hadn't found either of the bodies.

Oh well, better this than his son getting married to his third cousin Snotlout. That was one consummation he did _not_ want to be a witness at. Regardless of whether the idea of him watching his son getting topped by his cousin was hot or not. Damn his pants were getting tight!

Sighing, he resumed his daily carvingâ€¦

On the island of tomorrowâ€¦.

The kids were all playing a friendly game of hide and seek. Except for Baldy and Ellipsa who deemed themselves 'too mature to play a silly little kids game.'

The two in question were sitting under a tree sipping iced honey. (don't even ask, though I'm _pretty_ sure I just made that upâ€¦)

"Something needs to be done about those pesky humans before they capture more of us," said Baldy, sipping on his drink.

"I agree, even if it means leaving the pack," said Ellipsa.

Baldy nodded.

Behind the canyon underneath the treesâ€¦

(yes, I _did_ just steal this from 'Beating Heart by Ellie Goudling, but before I get sued, I would like to mention that this is _fanfiction_, therefore it goes without saying that I own _nothing_ except for the concepts leading to the paralities and diversions of the original piece created by the creator(s). There, that's long enough)

"What do you think they're talking about?" toothless asked his crusher, _hiccup_.

"I have _no_ clue. Now can it before Gora finds us, you know her senses are heightened now that she can _change_â€¦"

Gora, who was in the meadow, sniffed, before turning towards them with a feral grin.

"Found you," she growled, before chasing after them.

Toothless ran, but hiccup chose to climb the tree and sprint off to the den.

Toothless got to the den, which was a giant oak tree in the middle of the meadow.

"1, 2, 3, block my- argh!" his voice muffled as Gora pounced on him.

"You're out, mini-munch! Now, where's hiccupâ€¦?" she pondered.

Just then, from above the tree, she heard a rustling, followed by a, "1, 2, 3 block myself!"

Her head snapped up.

There was hiccup, sitting in the uppermost branches of the oak tree.

"No fair! That's _got_ to count as cheating!" she declared, refusing to be bested by her younger cousin.

But all hiccup did was give her a sideways smile.

"_technically, _we had to block ourselves on den. Which was this tree. I don't know about you, but I most certainly do _not_ remember any rule about _which_ part of the tree we had to touch, do you, Toothless?"

Toothless smirked, time to get his revenge, "Why _no_ hiccup, I most certainly _do __**not**_, remember any rules about that, now that you say it."

Gora glared at toothless, "_puh-__**lease**_, you agree with _everything _he says just because he's your best _mate_."

She grinned sadistically as she watched toothless blend in with the

red poppies surrounding them, "I do _not_, 'sides, not my fault that you can't handle losing."

"He's right," said Hiccup, "and FYI, the others all blocked themselves whilst you were talking."

Gora went wide eyed, before looking behind the tree and seeing, to her complete and utter disbelief, that Koi, Keeto, Scab, Scar, Cora, Mailee, Tyche, Renee and Carmen were all smirking at her from behind the tree.

She growled out angrily, "what_ever_."

"Kids!" shouted Amatis from the shed above the castle, "It's time for lunch!"

they all got an animalistic gleam in their eyes, even Ellipsa and Baldy who hadn't been playing.

All the adults came out. And together, they charged into the woods. Ready to hunt their
mealsâ€¦

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xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo**

DONE! enjoy this week's chapter mi amigos because I am out! PEACE!

-httyd4eva

peace out yo ;P

8. Chapter 8

***Amatis-girl [35; 26 Jan]**

***Lucian-guy [36; 12 Feb]**

***Hiccup-guy [10; 29 Feb (like the books)]**

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Luke is SINGLE!

And Vera, or as you know her, Valka, was the only child of Damien and his wife Lamia.

Hunting

(continued _exactly 5 minutes_ from where last chapter left off)

The pack charged through the woods, even Veda and Krios, who like most wolves started aging at half the pace of humans after their puberty struck, which was _also_ when their first change happened. And thank goodness for that, were the thoughts of every parent who'd ever had to change one of their diapers!

There were lots of game on the island, the only animals kept in were Chickens, Cows and Lambs, for obvious reasons, none of which involved pork chops, well, ok, _sometimes_â€¦

Today they were hunting deer.

They stealthily prowled towards the grazing herd.

Veda, who was pack leader, counted.

"Five," she whispered, "Four, three, two, _Now!_" she yelled.

The deer looked up, wide-eyed.

The pack had a strict no hunting babies policy, so if you _did_ hunt them, you were thrown into the palace's dungeons for the day without food or water.

Veda, Krios, Amarilla and Vendetta charged the leader.

Amatis, Stephen, Luke and Morgue charged two old looking does, partly out of hunger, and partly out of wanting to relieve them/ their herd of elder members.

Kali, Lycaon and Callum took on another set of does from the herd of a two hundred or so (Believe it or not, some of them _do_ travel in herds this big, take it from someone in sub Saharan Africa who likes going on Safaris)

The kids, led by Gora and Carmen, their two _actual_ wolves, being that they could change, hunted some smaller prey, mainly being squirrels seeing as they were not _actually_ allowed to be hunting anything big yet. Yetâ€¦

Gora, who'd be sent on her first hunt in just over half a year, the day she turned sixteen, managed to kill an eagle that was looking at her funny.

Hiccup, who although was nice and gentle and calm-mostly- was killing squirrels left, right and centre, and although he _should've_- had he been human- been repulsed by this, Toothless found it hot.

Deciding to focus rather than be joined by mini-him- _darn those

involuntary moments that thing sprung up at, it really _sucked_ to be ten_- managed to catch a total of eleven squirrels.

The pack gathered around and dropped everything they'd caught into the middle of the circle. Old laws stating that, purely out of respect, the Alpha should go first, followed by their mate, then the oldest to the youngest, meaning hiccup ate lastâ€¦

Not that he minded, the members of their pack were extremely caring to one another and didn't just eat _everything_, not to mention that Scar and Scab always saved him a few 'extras' because they 'didn't want their baby-bro'- since they didn't give two shits about the fact that they weren't _technically_ brothers, even though they were in everything but _proper_ (because Vera and Stephen _are_ related, remember?) blood- 'going hungry even if there _was_ always plenty to go around'.

As they ate, Toothless saw _another_ squirrel, and caught it.

Since he didn't really know _what_ to do with it, he gave it to Hiccup.

"Here ya go, hiccup!" he said, not even sure _why_ he did that, but it just felt soâ€¦. Soâ€¦. _Right_.

Hiccup smiled, "Awww, thanks Tooth!" he said to his 'best friend'

The adults all cooed, knowing that Toothless had _no idea_ as to what he'd just done.

"That's _so_ sweet," Amatis sighed, cuddling up to Stephen.

"Yup," he sent a heated glare at Lycaon, who blushed and whistled innocently., giving him the 'what're you gonna do?' shrug, "_sweet_."

"Alright kids!" said Veda, "Time to go back inside," she noticed the sun setting, they'd been out there for roughly five hours.

They nodded, all heading back to the 'shack' *wink * wink*

The underground castle was _enormous_, very easy, if you were human, to get lost in.

Everyone had their own room, and there were _plenty_ more to spare. Enough for at _least_ thirteen times their pack, considering it ran along the _entire_ island. Damn they'd have to thank the king who built it for that.

And the best part was that since they were underground, the young wolves didn't have to worry about changing, since the moon couldn't reach them. They'd have _plenty_ of time to master the art of control once their first change hit.

However, there _was_ still that pull to the moon that came with being a Wereâ€¦. Anything, actually.

The kids, all thoroughly exhausted, went straight to their rooms.

Now, _since_ Werewolves were pack animals, even though they could all have separate rooms, they didn't. they preferred to split up, but the were each in pairs, much to Scar and Scab's fear of their little brother, that is, of course, before they found out that their younger brother's roommate _wasn't _baldy, phew!

The rooms were, as suchâ€¦:

Scar and Scab

Koi and Keeto

Hiccup and Toothless (you can guess why Veda put them together, hint: she wanted great grand nephewsâ€¦ [I'll explain _that_ later])

Baldy and (since there weren't any _other_ guys) Ellipsa

Gora and Cora

Carmen and RenÃ©e

Tyche and, well, she didn't actually have someone to share with, per seâ€¦.

The adults, of course, roomed with their respective partners, except Luke who was _also_ on his ownâ€¦

Ahhhh, the perks of being in such a nice packâ€¦

xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo

well, that's the end of the chapter, now onto the **_really **_** good part, which you can skip, of course, pairings seeing as I didn't do the ones on Berk and therefore had to redo/add some things, so, for those of you who **_**aren't **_**interestedâ€¦**

**-httyd4eva **

**peace out
yo;P**

Pairings:

Toothless/Hiccup

Baldy/Hiccup (one-sided)

Hiccup/Astrid(one-sided)

Baldy/Ellipsa (really late)

Baldy/Ellipsa/Hiccup (two sided)

Ellipsa/Hiccup (one-sided[and yes, I meant it like that, hiccup doesn't top in that)

Matt/Gora (you'll find out who he is in about eight chapters)

Philip/Mailee (same as the Matt thing)

Koi/Keeto

Scab/Scar (interesting how they're exactly two months older than hiccup, when in reality I only chose this date 'cause of bestie born on it)

Carmen/RenÃ©e

Snotlout/Hiccup (one-sided)

Stoick/Gobber (always loved the ship and am so happy that this story is slash cause it means I **_can**_** do it)**

Tuffnut/Hiccup (one-sided)

Fishlegs/Hiccup (brief, one-sided)

Fishlegs/Ruffnut

Tuffnut/Mirtha

Snotlout/Astrid

Dagur/Hiccup (one-sided, and you might want to skip one or two of thoseâ€¦)

Boar/Hiccup (one-sided, and very unfortunate if you catch my hint)

Also, you should know that, being wolves, their bodies don't register male/female-ness, they register dom/sub, and as a result, boys can give birth, and girls don't need a man to get pregnant.

Well, c ya!

9. Chapter 9

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Luke is SINGLE!

And Vera, or as you know her, Valka, was the only child of Damien and his wife Lamia.

When they're 13

Today was it. Today was the day that Veda decided to reveal everything to him.

Ever since he'd entered the pack, Veda'd _already _known he wasn't normal, even on werewolf terms.

Usually runts that small died. And humans and Werewolves couldn't have children, and even if the child _did_ miraculously manage to survive they'd usually end up being human, albeit a _bit_ stronger than the average ones.

But here he was, a runt who'd been _ti-ny_ upon arrival. Smaller than a newborn by far, yet already three months old, and _not_ a human!

Regardless, none of the things mattered much. He _still_ became a pack member, he _still _managed to not only survive, but flourish, and he _still_ managed to worm his way into all of their hearts.

Sure he was an orphan, but he was _their_ orphan, _their_ responsibility as members if a pack.

He was definitely much more mature than the rest of his age group, and more trustworthy too, regardless of him being the youngest.

It still had been vital for him to believe that his father was dead, for no amount of maturity would _ever_ be able to help him cope with the fact that his father was not only a _hunter_, but he was in fact the _leader_ of the hunters, well, a large group of them at least.

There were many different islands in the archipelago, the only _non-_hunting one was the Beserker island, where everyone was, well, a beserker. They still _hunted_ Werewolves if they saw them, or if they were on a hunt for something like food, etc. but it wasn't a goal, more like a side thing, and they all killed their wolves, the only one who had slaves was their chief, and they usually died within a year or two if they were _strong._

But, nevertheless, it was time to tell hiccup. The hunts were getting worse. And she was _pretty_ sure that even if they _did_ find out what Hiccup was, him being the chief's son would grant him some leeway. Though she'd still have to warn him to be careful. It would _probably _be best if he went with a pack member, or a few, a lone wolf _rarely_ survived, after all.

She had called him into her room.

She heard a few rat-tat-tats on the door.

"Come in," she said.

He shuffled in, nervously, "You wanted to see me?" he asked, worried about what he might have done wrong.

She smiled, "Do not fret, Hiccup, you're in no trouble," he sighed, "But for what I'm about to tell you I _need_ you to be strong, I need you to _promise me_ that this wont change you in anyway, because this is important, and because _no one _here judges _you_ for it, remember, innocent lives are at stake here."

He nodded, a feeling of dread setting on him, coupled with a feeling of panic as to what the thing was, surely it wasn't minor, or else Veda'd've _never_ summoned him to _her_ room.

She sighed, sensing the tension in the air, "What do you know about the Berk hunters?" she asked.

"They're the head hunters of the archipelago. The vilest, most ruthless ones. They're the ones who started the slavery of Werewolves. They're the reason that there've been more werewolf hunts, and it's because their chief believes our kind killed his wife and heir, which I personally find stupid considering that they never even _found_ their bodies and therefore have proof."

Veda smiled sadly. 'No,' she told herself. She _had_ to tell him, he was no longer five and she was running out of excuses. For Zeus's (because since Werewolves originated from Greece[at least in Teen Wolf they did] I assumed that they'd all be Greek too) sake! He could already _change_, he'd had his first transformation when he was _ten!_ Which was _mighty young_ for a werewolf boy, since their changes only happened at puberty. He was mature. He _needed _to know, she couldn't keep lying to him, he'd find out with his now improved hearing.

"Well," Veda said, "Here's what you don't know: (story time)

Long ago, roughly fifteen to sixteen years ago, there was a young boy. His name was Boar. He was on a werewolf hunting expedition with five other men _including_ the chief of the island, called Stoick the Vast.

Now, this young boy was feeling rather hungry. So he went astray from the group. He found a boulder, which he pushed aside, leading to a meadow. Going across the meadow, was a bridge of stone, which only showed itself once a year.

Curious, he went across it.

It lead to a beautiful valley, where the fields were green and the cattle grazed happily whilst the deer pranced about.

As he was about to continue, he felt a hand on his shoulder. Looking up, he saw that it was the chief, with some other men.

They were about to scold him when they saw two flurrying figures. A girl and a man. The chief fell in love with the girl instantly, and vice versa.

Together, they travelled back to the chief's island. They then had a baby boy, beautiful as the lights that shine in night sky. However, that was when the man told the girl about his island's occupation. Hunters.

The girl, who was a werewolf, soon fled with their baby boy, intent on keeping him safe.

Unfortunately, soon after she'd delivered him to her pack, she died. Struck by lightning.

But the boy grew, healthy and strong into a fine, young man."

"Andâ€¦ what does this have to do with me?" asked Hiccup.

Veda smiled, "Don't you see, hiccup? Because I'm sure you do, but you're too afraid to acknowledge it. The girl's name was Vera, and the boyâ€¦ is you."

Hiccup gasped. He'd always thought something was off about his past, hazy recollections of a russet haired, bearded man with blue eyes looking down at him with fondness. That, he had assumed, was his father, Fangtooth, as the adults had told him. as Gora had started telling him as of two years ago, and as Mailee and Carmen had recently started telling him.

He'd grown used to the short, abrupt answers over time. But now, to find out that his father was alive, and not only a _hunter_ but the _leader_ of the hunters. That was something he didn't think he could handle. Then, one thought struck him hard.

"But I thought humans and werewolves couldn't _have_ babies. Didn't their offspring always either die or become human?" he asked.

Veda smiled, "you'll figure it out soon, Hiccup, all in good time, I'm sure of it."

"And, Veda, why are you telling me this. Do you want me to leave?"

Veda smiled sadly at him, "Yes and no. no, I do not want you to leave the pack. Never, understood?" he nodded, "But yes, I do wish for you to pay a short visit to the island, preferably with a few of us to cover you, so that your father knows that you are safe, and healthy and happy, and so that he ends all the extreme hunting he does to avenge you and your mother."

Hiccup nodded, relieved. He'd been scared for a second there.

"Who am I to take?"

Veda seemed to contemplate, before smiling at him, "I think it would be best for _you_ to choose. You're old enough now to start making your own decisions."

He nodded, and left, to go inform the others.

I am a page break, a happy happy page-break who knows how to gangam style. Yes, a gangam styling page break, can you believe it? no? well too bad!

Toothless blinked.

"Wow," he said.

I know.

Scar and Scab, who were behind him, hugged him close.

"It's okay, Hiccup," said Scar.

"We wont judge you for it," said Scab.

"Yeah," said Gora, who was _also_ present, "It's your dad who did this, not you. you never even _knew_ him! you thought he was _dead_."

Carmen and Mailee nodded.

Koi and Keeto decided to review the plan.

"So we go there on DiakopÃ©s fest," began Koi.

"We're travelling with Hook, Storm, Barf, Belch and Lug," continued Keeto.

"If they're willing."

"And spend five days there."

"Not inclusive of the three days it takes to get there," finished Koi.

Hiccup nodded.

"Not bad, mini-munch," smiled Gora, ruffling hiccup's hair, "Didn't think you'd have it in you."

Hiccup smiled, "Thanks. And you know we _can_ also take Philip and Matt, if you want."

"_YES!_" both girls reacted at once.

"Urgh! You two straights and your boy-toys," groaned Renee settling against Carmen.

Hiccup had called the entire younger generation of the pack to talk about. However, Baldy and Ellipsa weren't present.

'Probably plotting something stupid,' thought the group.

"Now," said Koi,

"The question," said Keeto.

"Who's."

"Going?"

"Well," said Hiccup, "I thought it would be suspicious for there to be too many of us, so its: Gora, Scab, Scar and Toothless, _because_, it's best to have an _adult_ with us, incase things get out of hand, and to keep us in check; Scab and Scar, you guys are my _brothers_, I cant do it without you; and Toothless, you've always been my bestest, closest friend, I _need_ you on this," he said, looking at all four members, "So, what'd'ya say guys, you in?"

"Absolutely!" agreed Gora.

"Definitely," agreed Scab

"Totes," agreed Scar

Toothless looked into hiccup's eyes, sending a wave of weird sensations running through him, "Always," he breathed.

Hiccup smiled at them.

"Thanks guys," then turned to the others, "you guys, there's, um, something _kinda_ important I need you to do."

"What is it?" asked Carmen, eager to help.

"I need you to follow us, though you wont be coming to the village with us, no. you'll be doing somethingâ€¦ _bigger_, something a _bit_ more heroic, if you catch my driftâ€¦"

"What is it?" asked Koi.

Hiccup smirked, and leaned in, as though sharing some big secret, "You guys, with the help of Belch, Barf and Meat, are going to launch: a
rescue"â€¦

**xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo
xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo**

Dances to 'Glory and Gore'* *starts singing

**you've been drinking like the world was gonna end**

**took a shiner from the fist of your- ****gah! You're still **_**here**_**!? GTFA stalkers. **

Ha ha, JK! Anywhoâ€¦

-httyd4eva

peace out yo;P

ps, no I do **_not**_** own the song above, 'Glory and Gore by Lorde,' no matter how much I wish I !**

10. Chapter 10

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**Kid= Mailee **

Luke is SINGLE!

And Vera, or as you know her, Valka, was the only child of Damien and his wife Lamia.

DiakopÃ©s fest 1013

"So, will you help us?" Asked Hiccup, after explaining everything to the six werewolves and druid.

They all nodded.

"So," reviewed Philip, "The seven of you _and_ Mailee go to the island. You stay there seven nights. On the fifth night we rescue the werewolves. _We_ stay hidden in the forest. We meet up at midnight, but you guys don't come to us, instead you stay away about a mile and we- er _they_, use their Werewolf hearing to pass information to us so we can plan it."

Hiccup nodded.

"Veda told me of a hidden cove on the island that we could meet up at, it's at somewhere called Raven's peak," said Hiccup, "It'd be a good place to hide the other wolves. There're _also_ some underground canals we can use to sneak you guys in. The people don't know about them, they lead to the south beach."

Matt, who'd been put in charge of their team since he was the oldest on their team, said, "Ok. So we're supposed to go ahead of your team by two nights," he verified, "We probe the village at night, and we leave a few dead animals here and there to spook them out. When you guys show up you lead a hunt and you find me, running towards the West point where there's _another_ tunnel that _doesn't _lead to the main ones, and I make my escape back to the cove. Showing my face to them for good measure?"

Hiccup nodded, "Exactly. And you guys'll have to be quick when you're unlocking the slaves, because I'm not entirely sure that'll last too long."

The others nodded.

"When do we leave?" Asked Meatlug.

"Today," Hiccup said, "The travel takes three days, it'd be best if we could go there and back as soon as possible. You know the passage out only shows itself twice a year. If we miss itâ€¦" he trailed off.

The others nodded. They knew that it was dangerous to be isolated from the pack. _Especially _considering that they weren't taking any 'Alpha's *wink* with them.

"So," said Hookfang, "We spend seven nights there and a grand total of _six_ travelling. Considering the waves part for the opening the day _before_ the fest and close the _night_ after, and today _is_ the day before, we should be back in time. But we'll need to leave there at morning break, we _can't_ risk splitting your," he indicated the Skywalkers, "pack.

"It's dangerous, risky and foolish. Though you _could_ join our packs for the half year, and I _know_ the Alphas would protect you, your island is _safer_ for you, and you're more accustomed to it and it's rules, not to mention you all have that 'tie' to the Alpha which could risk severment if you're _lucky_, though probably illness and in some cases _death_, if you're not close to your Alpha and serving in someone elses packâ€¦"

The Skywalkers nodded. They knew the risk.

"Well," Hiccup said, "Let's go pack (omg. The puns/ironic things I could doâ€¦) then."

The others nodded. They _had_ to make a good impression. None of them had ever even _been_ to a human clan before! And they were _pretty_ sure that running around stark naked _wasn't _a good impressionâ€¦.

xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo xoxo

done! it's short, I know, but it's also a pretty fast update. Well thenâ€¦ also, we will be seeing a **_lot**_** of toothcup in the chapters to come *wink* stay tuned, because next chapterâ€¦ a heh hehâ€¦**

-httyd4eva

peace out yo;P

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Luke is SINGLE!

And Vera, or as you know her, Valka, was the only child of Damien and his wife Lamia.

Leavingâ€¦

They'd set out at evening fall. The weather had been quite good. The winds quick and efficient.

Each of the rescuers travelled in their own boat, whilst the 'visitors' travelled in one.

The boats were fairly big, each designed to hold fifteen people, which, of course, was _more_ than enough. Enough for them _and_ 175 slaves to all fit.

However, the rescuers, since they were in a bit of a time crisis, were being helped by the visitors.

They set off in a V formation, the visitor boat leading.

Philip was on the visitor boat, Gora rowing his so they would be faster since a Were _was_ stronger than a human.

They'd made pretty good pace so far. The winds had been strong, and blowing in the direction they needed to go. So with the wind _and_

their Werewolf speed, they'd already done _double_ of what they'd scheduled for the day. With the progress they were making, they'd be able to cut a day off their trip, maybe even more if the weather was good.

They set up camp on a _tiny_ island that was about half a kilometer on all four sides and covered in dense bushes.

Hiccup sniffed the air, "Nothing," he said, turning back to the others.

They got out of their boats and stretched their legs.

"Okay," he said, turning to face his team, "Everything we hunt tonight is going to be our food for the rest of the trip. Today is the day to load up. We are _not_ stopping on anymore islands after this, okay?" At the nods he got he smiled, "Good. _Please _try eating heavy now and in the morning, because too much weight will slow us down. Now, let's," his eyes got a predatory gleam, "_hunt_," the word rolled off his lips as though it were a beautiful little sin that blossomed into a big lustrous word.

They took off. Since they weren't in packs, they ended up splitting up to hunt.

Koi with Keeto.

Scab with Scar.

Toothless with Hiccup.

Carmen with Renee

Cora with Meatlug

Matt and Gora

Belch and Barf

Hookfang and Stormfly

And lastly, Philip and Mailee went off to and collect berries, fruit and whatever else they could find, preferably things like mountain ash, wolfsbane etc. To help cure the others if the need arose.

Toothless and Hiccup sprinted through trees, dashing this way and that.

Hiccup pounced at squirrels and birds. Toothless watched him, his face going into a dopey sigh at the wild, animalistic gleam that his crush- er, _best friend_, got while hunting.

Deciding that being near Hiccup was a distraction on its own, he turned to the pond and fished forâ€¦ fish. (*blinks*)

He managed to catch a few dozen, before he felt a presence from his left side.

Turning, he saw a doe. It had beautiful, black eyes, and an auburn

pelt that matched a few streaks of Hiccup's covered-in-every-shade-of-brown-yet-_still_-perfect hair. The upper roots, reminded Toothless.

Looking behind, he saw that Hiccup had noticed the deer too.

"Together?" Asked Toothless.

Hiccup looked a little hesitant, "But we're not allowed, _remember_? Not sixteen, not having completed our first hunt," he prodded, resisting the temptation to charge the deer.

"But we're not _in_ our pack, remember," smirked Toothless, placing a hand on Hiccup's shoulder.

"I _suppose_," smirked Hiccup back.

The two nodded and charged the beast.

The deer, though _technically_ it was a stag, leapt up high. The two weres giving chase.

Hiccup ran a it ahead of it. Toothless wanted to protest, seeing as since the thing was a stag, it could easily just lower its horns and charge him. But _since_ Hiccup was using the trees, he jumped down in front of it, startling the beast. The stag made a sharp turn left, and in doing so, crashed into a thick-wooded tree area.

Hiccup and Toothless shared sinister smiles.

This was going to be one _sweet_ mealâ€¦ *lick lips*

xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo

Done. I **_know**_** it's only 890 words, but that's **_**pretty**_** good for a double day update, soâ€¦**

Httyd4eva

Peace out yo ;P

Btw, who noticed the **_tiny**_** intimate moment I gave Toothcup? *smirks* it's tiny but it's there. Now GN! Zzzzz**

12. Chapter 12

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Luke is SINGLE!

And Vera, or as you know her, Valka, was the only child of Damien and his wife Lamia.

Almost thereâ€¦

They spent the day rowing, the currents carrying them faster than they'd've thought.

They reached the South Beach of Berk by nightfall.

"Well," said Hiccup, "I guess this is goodbye then," he said.

"We'll talk to you in two days then, I guess," said Matt, "Remember, wait on the island near your home-"

"This _isn't _my home," Hiccup rushed out, before blushing, "Er, I'm sorry."

Matt looked at him amused.

Contrary to what _most_ people thought, not _everyone_ respected Hiccup. Sure, he was sweet, and kind, and lovable and whatnot. But he just _lacked_ aggression, and whilst _most_ wolves thought it made him even more unique, Matt thought it made him a wimp. Which is why at times like these, Matt had to admit that maybe, just _maybe_ Hiccup had some potential werewolf qualities about him, regardless of whether or not he thought the _child_ was too soft and _too_ young.

"It's okay, Hiccup," he said, "This isn't a home for _any_ of us, I'm just saying since you were born here. now, anyways, wait till daybreak on the second day before sailing. That way you'll arrive at roughly mid-morning. Then, pull up to harbor. If people come to find you, just pretend to be confused. When they take you to their chief hiccup should look him in the eye. _If_, and that's a _pretty_ big 'if' he recognizes you then just play coy. Tell them that you were on a sailing trip or something, lie through your _teeth_. That means that Gora and Mailee should _probably_ not talk. At all."

"Excuse _me_!" Gora's hands were on her hips, "I am an _excellent_ liar. You just wouldn't know that because you can't even _tell_ when

I'm lying to you!"

"Oh yeah, prove it."

"Fine, she closed her eyes and breathed in before starting, "You, Matt Thunderchase, are an eighty year old _human_. Your skin is wrinkly and you constantly _wreak_ of old Bananas. Your favorite food is mashed coconuts and you're madly in love with Baldy."

Gaping commenced.

"I didn't even hear he heart falter," gaped Toothless.

"In love. _Baldy_?" gaped Hiccup.

"Ok, I'm convinced," said Matt, wide eyed.

"Well, we'll see you when the time comes, nine days from now," said Hiccup.

His team nodded.

"Good," said Matt.

"After this is over, due to the great progress, we should have roughly seven days to sail back, provided you guys start tonight," said Hiccup.

"We will," said Matt.

And with that, the two groups parted.

Team Matt

Matt's group sailed towards the south beach.

They stepped out of their boats gently, not willing to risk anyone discovering them even though they _knew_ no one was there due to their hearing.

They followed the map that Veda had given them to Raven's point and entered the cove.

They gasped in awe at the lush, green greenery, the immense lake that had water lilies and lotus's spread out across it as well as some moss and algae here and there coupled with the silvery covering layer over the top.

There was a large cave that could _easily_ fit them allâ€¦ and the rest of their packs but _oh wellâ€¦_

Flowers dotted around. Small to large moss covered rocks and walls.

And the best part? It was _completely_ hidden by the dense underbrush, since the cove _was_, after all, just an indentation in the earth. A crater formed millions of years ago with the world.

They chose a moss covered field to set up camp at. They had

everything they needed: spare clothesâ€¦ yup. Everything.

Matt, Cora, Carmen, Koi, Keeto and RenÃ©e were chosen to go.

This was going to be one hell of a hunt.

Team Hiccup

Hiccup's team had chosen a nice island _just_ a few hours north of Berk.

They'd set up camp there. They had _everything _they needed: clothesâ€¦ yup. Everything.

They decided to have a guard detail, lest something wicked lurk on the island.

Instead of choosing _one_ of them, they decided to take it in pairs. So, after a hearty meal of roast buffalo (who would've thought that _buffalo_ lived on that island. Well, at least they _did_â€¦) the first two up were Gora and Mailee.

"So," said Gora, "You nervous?"

"Not really," said Mailee, "Oh, and my mother sent us this special cream to hide your werewolf powers."

"Really?" Gora was astonished, "What's it made from."

"Mountain ash. You know how the supernatural can't cross its boundaries," at Gora's nod she continued, "well, that's because your powers disable you from doing so. So if we apply it on you guys then your supernatural sides will be trapped."

Gora nodded, it made sense.

An hour passed, then two, then, finally the third, and last, hour of their shift approached.

They went to wake up Scab and Scar.

"So," said Scab.

"yeah?" said Scar.

"Does this. Does this _worry_ you?"

"About hiccup? Nah, he was raised as our brother, and to me he always will be."

"Same. I just cant help but feel bad for him. I mean, poor guy. First he finds out that his father, the same one he thought was _dead_ was actually alive all this time, and _then_, just to add on to that, he finds out that his father is a hunter, and not just _any_ hunter, but the _leader _of the hunters. I don't even want to _imagine_ what he's going through."

Scar nodded, looking at the peaceful form of their little 'brother'. He looked so calm and at peace, not at all how he looked when he'd first found out.

"Hey, Scab."

"Yeah?"

"Do you- do you think the plan will, you knowâ€¦?" he trailed off, nervously twisting his ankle.

"I'm not so sure, but I'll believe in it anyway. Because it's _Hiccup's_ plan, and whilst I'm not so sure about the plan, I'm more than just 'confident' in him."

Scar nodded.

Two more hours passed and it was time to wake up the next, and last, two.

Hiccup and Toothless.

"Soâ€¦" toothless trailed off awkwardly, not sure how to ask the question he wanted.

"Yeah?" asked Hiccup, knowing _exactly_ where toothless was going with this.

"You're holding up good?"

"Yeah, though it was a bit worrying at first."

"You know no one thinks any different of you, right?"

"Yeah."

"I think it makes you brave," he had no idea where that came from, it was just something he'd said to give Hiccup confidence, "I-I mean-"

hiccup laughed at his best-friend's nervousness, "Thanks Tooth. And thanks for agreeing to come with me."

Toothless sent him that smile, the one that always sent tingles down his spine and made the hair on his body prick up, "Anytime hiccup. I'm with you. _always_."

Hiccup blushed slightly, looking down nervously, "Ummm, thanks," he smiled at Toothless, "Really, thank you. thank you for always being with me. Thank you for never complaining about _my_ constant complaining. Just-" he cut himself off by giving toothless a hug.

He wasn't sure _why_ he did it, only that it felt somehow _right_, like the first time since the journey had started he was _actually_ safe.

Toothless blushed at being this close to his crush and resisted the urge to pull hiccup off and give him a big, sloppy kiss.

"Oh," his voice raised an octave as he tried his hardest to think of things that wouldn't work up his pesky teenage hormones, "No problem, I mean, you were always there for me. Remember back when I was afraid of the dark and you'd let me come to your bed, or all those times

when I was cold and we'd snuggle up together."

Urgh, those thoughts _really_ weren't helping with his getting-there problem.

'Veda,' he thought, 'mom, Koi, Keeto, _Baldy_.'

The last one really seemed to do the trick.

"Hey, no problem, you helped me overcome _tons_ of my fears, like when I was scared of thunder and you'd come over to my bed and hold me close and tell me I was safe," smiled Hiccup.

Toothless smiled back. If Hiccup knewâ€¦

He looked up, and much to his distaste, the sun was rising. Meaning the others would awaken.

Toothless yawned, "Come on, we have to go hunt."

Hiccup nodded.

The others woke and they set off, with Mailee doing her usual gathering of berries and herbs and the others hunting whatever meat they came
acrossâ€¦

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xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo**

**Ahhhh! Da toothcup feels! C y next week. Or in the next three days if I decide I cant wait and update
early.**

Bye.

-httyd4eva

peace out yo;P

13. Chapter 13

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Luke is SINGLE!

And Vera, or as you know her, Valka, was the only child of Damien and his wife Lamia.

The day had been eventful. They'd gone fishing, hunting and managed to catch quite a lot of food, and were currently sitting around the campfire.

Hiccup shivered, it was a little coldâ€¦ maybe he should transfo-

Toothless interrupted his musings when he noticed the shiver wracking Hiccup's body and placed an arm around him, pulling him close.

He blushed a bit at the sudden contact, but sent a shy smile up to toothless, who returned it.

Scab coughed to direct the twos attention to him.

"As I was _saying_," he sent a glare at toothless, "We're heading out pretty early tomorrow and should _probably_ head to sleep now. I think we've already established that there's nothing/no one on this island who wishes to harm us, so we can therefore _all_ go to sleep tonight.

The others nodded.

The night was a little chilly.

Mailee and Gora, who'd packed blankets for themselves were fine.

The boys, however, had decided to be stubborn, and therefore had _refused_ to bring blankets, and were all now _very_ cold.

"We _could_ snuggle up together for body heat," suggested Scar.

But they'd tried to all snuggle up and it'd ended with toothless's foot in scab's face and scab's hand in hiccup's face, and- you get the idea.

So, _eventually_, they decided to snuggle together in pairs.

Scab and scar, being brothers it was obvious.

Toothless and Hiccup, well they shared a room, it was nothing newâ€¦

Toothless's arms found their way around hiccup's waist, and Hiccup's head found itself pressed flush against toothless's chest.

His strong, _well-defined,_ chest, thought hiccup, blushing slightly as he snuggled in closer.

Scab and Scar watched them with only _mild_ amusement etched on their features.

"Okay," Scar whispered, "I _know_ we've shipped them for, like, _ever_, but I'm starting to get uncomfortable with the fact that thatâ€¦ _dog_ is being all touchy feely with our honorary baby bro."

Scab nodded, "Definitely," he said, absentmindedly tracing little, random shapes across Scar's back, sending goose bumps through the younger's back.

Hiccup could smell toothless then, he smelt like grass and wood, with the evident, though small, smell of meat.

Toothless could smell hiccup even better than usual, he smelt of meat, _obviously_ seeing as they'd _just_ finished dinner! but he _also_ smelt of the forest, pine andâ€¦ _Strawberries_. Toothless sighed, he _loved_ strawberries!

He unconsciously pulled hiccup closer to him, eliciting a blush from the younger, as he breathed Hiccup in, Hiccup's soft, fluffy hair tickling his nose a little.

Mailee and Gora just smirked at the two. They were just so innocently cuteâ€¦

And then, slowly, they all fell asleepâ€¦

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Done! it's short, I know, **_but**_** let's start with the fact that I came home from a sports trip about a week ago, **_**then**_** I had an 'incident' involving me, a tree and the hard, hard ground below, soâ€¦**

-httyd4eva

peace out yo;P

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on Berk

Stoick sighed in frustration. This was the second night that some-someâ€¦_thing_ had raided their livestock.

And not only raided their livestock, but _also_ taken some of their slaves, and completely undetected too!

Sighing again, he went up the stairs to take a nap, being forty _did_ sometimes have it's downsides.

Unfortunately, not a moment after he'd lain down, there was some yelling outside and Gobber burst through the door.

"What _is_ it!?" he groaned.

"Chief," he said, "You better come down here, there're some people who washed up and, wellâ€¦" he trailed off.

Sighing, Stoick got up and headed down to the docks.

When he got there, he noticed six people. Four boys and two girls.

They were all very beautiful, a similarity they all seemed to share.

One of the girls had platinum blonde hair in plaits and blue eyes, she looked slightly more beautiful, even more than Astrid, yet he had a sinking feeling that she was thrice as strong, and not just because she appeared six years older. The other girl, albeit not as beautiful, had brown hair in a plait and sky-blue eyes. Two of the boys were identical, sharing the trait of brown hair and brown eyes, although if you looked close, you could see that one had slightly higher cheekbones. One boy had hair as dark midnight and toxic, poison-green eyes, and standing next to him, the smallest of this group of gangly teenagers, was a boy who made Stoick freeze.

There was no way, it couldn't _possibly_ be.

But one look into the unique green eyes, the ones he'd thought he'd

never see again.

It was.

"Hiccup," he breathed.

He saw the brunette with the tint of red in his hair look at him in confusion.

Of course, Stoick thought_, he wouldn't recognize me. He never knew me growing up, and I doubt wherever he was that they would tell him about me._

"What are you kids doing here?" asked Spitelout.

"I think we're lost," said Hiccup.

"I think so too," agreed Toothless, following the plan.

"Ummm, excuse me," said Gora, "Is this the Northern Isles?"

"No," Stoick shook his head, "This is the Southern Isles, Berk," he said.

"Oh," said Gora, reciting her lines perfectly, "Well, could you please help us then, sir?" she asked, innocently enough, "We're trying to find Raincloud Island."

Remembering the island, Stoick asked, "And why would you be looking for _that_ island, exactly?"

Scab shrugged, "We're just trying to get home, sir."

Gobber looked at the boat wearily, it had several holes in it. Small and not dangerous, but enough so if they were left they'd grow and all aboard would drown.

"In that boat?" he asked, confused.

Hiccup nodded, "Yeah," he shrugged.

"Hmmm," said Mulch, observing the boat, "I'm not sure that's such a great idea. That boat looks like it'll fall apart soon, and the Northern Isles are quite a distance, three days of rowing, it's not the best idea in a boat like that," he said, indicating the boat which, unbeknownst to the islanders had been _purposely_ holed only a half-mile away from the island.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Toothless, "But we really should be going."

"Oh no," said Stoick, eyes still on Hiccup, "I insist," he looked at the rest of the teens, "We'll fix your boat, you're too young to be lost to the mighty waves of NjÃ¶rÃ°r, and till then you can stay on the island, with me."

"With you?" Mailee did a wonderful job of acting confused, "But, why?"

"Because it's custom for visitors to stay in the chief's abode,"

Gobber explained, as though it were obvious.

The six simultaneously blinked and cocked their heads to the side. They really _had_ practiced well.

"Well, come along then," said Stoick, "Gobber and I'll give you a tour.

five hours later

"And here we are," said Stoick, in his deep, Scottish voice, indicating the Haddock home.

So far they'd seen the mess hall, the farms, and, the slaves. The wolves had managed to contain themselves around the slaves, and when one would sniff them, they'd whisper, only loud enough for a werewolf to hear, what they were doing, and the slave would back off.

"Alrigh'" he lead them up to the attic, "Settle yerselves in," his Scottish accent running deep, "I'm _assuming_ the girls'll want a separate room, there's one right down the corridor."

The she-wolves smiled at him gratefully.

"Thank you, Mr." said Hiccup to Stoick, "It's really nice of you to have us."

"Oh the pleasure's all mine mi boy," he clapped the scrawny boy on the back, resulting in Hiccup stumbling a bit.

Stoick left the house, heading down to commence on his chiefly duties, leaving the young wolves aloneâ€¦

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Done! Inappropriate place to end a chapter, but done!

-httyd4eva

peace out yo;P

End file.